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W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair and warmer weather; variable winds.

A SUPERSERVICEABLE JUDGE.

Government by injunction has advanced a step, and this time the step is such a long one as to startle even such a thorough-going advocate of the rule of capital as the Evening Post. Judge Jackson, of the United States District Court for the District of West Virginia, has issued an injunction restraining Eugene Debs and his followers from interfering with the management or workings of the miners of the Monongah Coal and Coke Company. Debs and all his associates are enjoined by this order against in any way inciting the company's employes or interfering with the operations in any way on the property "or any of the approaches to the property." The result of this action is that agitation in that vicinity is crippled, and the spread of the strike is prevented by the whole force of the National Government. No wonder the Evening Post impulsively, though rashly, says:

Mr. Eugene Debs is not a person whose outcries generally excite commiseration, but if the press report of the nature of the injunction granted by Judge Jackson in the United States Court in West Virginia is correct, the striking miners are hardly getting fair treatment. This injunction is said to forbid Debs "and his associates" to interfere in any manner, either by word or deed, with the affairs of the Monongah Coal Company. They are not only prohibited from inciting the employes of the company to strike, but are also ordered not to approach its property. As Debs says, he has been "enjoined off the face of the earth." * * * If it is lawful for men to agree to quit work, it can hardly be criminal to advise or "incite" them to do so; and the circumstances must be very peculiar to make it an offence to "approach the property" of a coal company.

Although these remarks, being in the nature of encouragement to Debs to persevere in his obnoxious course, verge perilously upon contempt of court, we cannot suppress a covert sympathy with them. We and the Evening Post see, what some of the fat-witted gentlemen who serve the interests of the corporations on the bench fail to realize, that it is possible to overdo a good thing. There never was a time when an appearance of judicial impartiality was more essential to the maintenance of a proper spirit among the masses than just now. When Debs was imprisoned before it was possible to represent the act as inspired solely by a desire to preserve order. In the present case order has been preserved by the strikers themselves, with a self-restraint which, under the circumstances, is as remarkable as it is admirable. The acts which Debs is forbidden to perform, under the terrors of the law, consist in endeavoring, by appeals to reason and self-interest, to induce men to try peacefully to improve their condition. If Debs is to be imprisoned for doing that the court cannot in common decency refuse to imprison J. Pierpont Morgan and Mark Hanna if they are ever caught "inciting" operators to reduce wages. Unless the scales of justice be held even after some such fashion the conviction will be strengthened that the courts have become a part of the operating plant of capital, and that the old-fashioned American doctrine of equality before the law is extinct.

STINGING MYSTERY.

The mind which permits the great problems to engage a share of its energies cannot but be confused by a disaster that recently befell the Rev. Joshua Abbott. While this clergyman, against whose character nothing has even been hinted by the tongue of calumny, was offering a prayer at a colored camp-meeting near Gravely Hill, Del., "a flock of mosquitoes attacked him, and, flying into his mouth, caused him to choke almost to death and put a stop to the services." It is not intimated by the historians of this occurrence that the prayer thus singularly and violently interrupted was of other than an ordinary and inoffensive quality. Brother Abbott, indeed, seems to have been earnest and humble in his devotions, and was supported and encouraged by the amens of the brethren. Why, then, should he have been choked?

This is a hard matter, and it leads to a harder. Why was the mosquito created? What good purpose can be served by an insect that impartially assails the just and the unjust, provoking both to sentiments and expressions that can be satisfactory only to the Enemy of Mankind, and which even goes the length of stifling prayer in the pulpit?

Such as include the Demiurge in their explanation of [illegible] as they are find no logical annoyance in the sting of the mosquito, but Brother Abbott is no latitudinarian or heretic, and a popular lecture by him on the "Mosquito in Its Relation to Providential Benevolence" would draw in New York and leave standing room only in Delaware and New Jersey.

DOCK BOARD'S COSTLY ECONOMY.

The city of New York, represented by its Dock Board, has completed a bargain with a theatrical agency whereby music is furnished on the Third street pier gratis, the agency undertaking to recoup itself through the sale of candies, lemonade, cigars and similar articles. In this way the expenses of the Dock Board have been kept down, and the taxpayers may rejoice.

Unfortunately, this saving of a few hundred dollars is likely to cost the city dear in human lives, for by this same bargain the philanthropic agency which has been furnishing sterilized milk and prepared infants' food to the babies on the Third street pier is suppressed. As the statistics of the Board of Health and the testimony of leading physicians show that this milk supply has been instrumental in reducing the mortality among infants to a remarkable degree, it naturally follows that this mortality will increase with the cessation of the supply. A careful statistician may be able at the close of the Summer to inform the citizens how many lives were sacrificed to meet the Dock Board's economy.

Some persons who have followed the action of the Dock Board appear to have an idea that something besides a love of economy has animated that body in its extraordinary bargain. Whatever the reason may be, it is evident that somebody has blundered. The benevolent enterprise of Mr. Straus had become firmly established on this pier, and in the affections of the people for whom the pier was converted into a resort for recreation and amusement. Its value has been admitted by the Commissioners even since the ratification of their deal with the theatrical agency. Yet the manager of the depot was not even informed of the deal until he was evicted. What caused this secrecy, and why did the city of New York ever enter into such an arrangement for the saving of dollars at the cost of life? These questions are bound to arise in the minds of all thinking citizens, and no adequate answer has appeared as yet in any of the many interviews with the Dock Commissioners which have been published.

Mr. Straus now makes the generous offer to "build for the city of New York a laboratory and thoroughly equipped plant to furnish sterilized (Pasteurized) milk for the children of all the poor in the municipality, as soon as legislation is passed that will assure me that this work to reduce infant mortality will be competently handled and maintained."

He says that he will do this "without its costing the city one cent," and adds: "More than that, I am willing to pay a man of scientific knowledge on the subject to superintend the operation of the city plant for one year."

What does the Dock Board say to that? Does it still think the proceeds of the peanut business more important than babies' lives?

A TRAGEDY OF CIVILIZATION.

The time has been when the news that a human being had starved to death in America would have sent a thrill of horror through the national heart. Of late our feelings have become calloused on this subject. So many cases of starvation and suicide have sprinkled the trail of these bitter years that it takes an unusually tragic episode of this sort to move us. But sometimes there are instances so unutterably pitiful that they force themselves upon the jaded sympathies of a people sated with spectacles of sufferin_ and will not be denied.

What do the comfortable philosophers who hold that everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds think of the fate of Mamie McCarthy, starved to death at seventeen in the richest city of America? None of the customary apologies for the misery that shadows our civilization are available here. There was no question of drunkenness or crime, involving the innocent in the retribution of the guilty. Here was a deserving and formerly a happy and reasonably prosperous family brought down through no fault of its own. The father had been a lawyer's clerk, earning a comfortable living. He died, and the illness of his widow in the course of years absorbed the provision he had left for his family. With the mother's death the orphaned brother and sister were left to make their own way. As long as the boy could find work they were independent, but for seven months he had been trudging the streets searching vainly for a chance to make use of his industry. Reduced at last to sharing the crusts picked out of garbage barrels, the girl, delicately nurtured, proud and sensitive, faded away, and at last she died.

Where were the charity organizers when this tragedy was consummated—the organizers who protested last Winter against the informal relief of distress on the ground that they were capable of taking care of all the suffering in the city? And what lessons will the smug economists who teach that our present social system is incapable of improvement deduce from it? Remembering what Mamie McCarthy's father was a dozen years ago, the comfortably situated professional man who thinks of the possible future of his own tenderly guarded child may reflect, with a shock, that perhaps the reform of social conditions may not be a matter exclusively in the interest of the degraded proletariat after all.

BRITISH POWER ON THE KLONDYKE.

While Canada's right to make her own mining and other laws is undoubted, the manner of her exercise of that right is a subject of legitimate criticism. The Americans who by the thousand are heading for the Klondyke freely avail themselves of their privilege as critics, and were they Shermans to a man, ambitious of a career of shirt-sleeve diplomacy, they could not be more downright in the expression of their views. Those views, summed up and put into one sentence, are to the effect that "Canada is a hog." The principle on which Canada is acting seems to be equally innocent of ambiguity: "Ah, here's an American; let's skin him." The ingoing miner is taxed heavily on his outfit, which consists of his tools and provisions. A tax of magnitude is laid on any dust he may unearth, and, using him as a prospector in her interest, Canada, in the event of his finding anything in his claim, grabs the next for herself and holds it for a rise.

As a nation committed to the protective policy, we cannot with consistency object to a neighbor choosing to comport herself, in the miners' phrase, "like a hog," but just the same it is trying. Whatever else we may have done in the way of discrimination against Canadians and other outsiders, at least we have never barred them from our mines. Those have been as free to them, in California and elsewhere, as to our own citizens. Consequently the Klondyke rules can scarcely be regarded as fair play.

The scheme of a government's reserving from private ownership each alternate claim in a mining district, abstractly considered, has much to be said for it. Indeed every argument applies in its favor that is employed by the single taxers in their advocacy of the nationalization of the land—which means the natural resources—of a country. But it is not in accordance with Canada's general practice, and when used, "for this occasion only" in the Klondyke, it is obviously specially intended for the despoilment of Americans.

Americans will go to the mines in British territory, no matter how oppressive the laws of the Dominion, and the net local result of the latter will probably be that the officials charged with the execution of the laws will become boodlers; for such is the degeneracy of human nature that the average miner will prefer to give bribes rather than be legally robbed. But should a really serious attempt be made to enforce these laws on an extensive scale Canada will be given reason to repent the day she allowed her cupidity to get the better of her prudence. The Klondyke is merely a spot on the great map of the auriferous North. The gold fields, whether in British or United States territory, will be prospected and worked by men 95 per cent of whom will be American citizens. They will follow gold wherever the color leads, and it is not to be supposed that such a hardy population of pioneers will care much for the imaginary lines which form national boundaries. And if these men should be interfered with and harassed their countrymen will sympathize and join with them in asking if it is reasonable that a foreign power, the English monarchy, should be allowed to draw these lines on this free North American continent.

The Journal repeats again the kindly advice it has hitherto given the Canadian Government, not to take opportunities to draw American attention to the colony as an inconvenience. Whenever that inconvenience shall prove to be importantly irritating the colony will soon disappear. This advice has been ill received by a number of esteemed and high-tempered Canadian contemporaries, but it is sound for all that. The Canadian colony is an anomaly and an anachronism, and is tolerated by the United States because heretofore it has not been practically troublesome.

Those newspapers which intimate that Assistant Secretary Roosevelt should be more modest and permit Secretary Long to do some of the talking for the Navy Department are sadly lacking in information concerning Mr. Long's assistant.

That New Orleans man who purchased a gold brick is now in a position to appreciate the Administration's feelings over its Powderly dicker.

Murderer Benham is writing the history of his life. He should make it as concise as possible and prepare to atone for the one he took.

The high price of whiskey in the Klondyke may render that region a most effective gold cure.

Saratoga Longs for A. Belmont.

In its dearth of howling swells, Saratoga is fairly longing for A. Belmont. Any Belmont would do, but A. Belmont is preferred, because he is the president of the Jockey Club, and racing is Saratoga's game at present.

Thus far the best that Saratoga has been able to show in the way of howling swells are Tommy Hitchcock and a regiment of Smiths from Ballston Spa.

These are good people, and Tommy in particular is a tip-topper, but it takes more than they to offset the horde of Brighton Beach touts that have overrun the village.

Hence it is that Saratoga is praying for the advent of A. Belmont, just as fervently as it prayed ten days ago for the sun to shine.

It happens that A. Belmont is just now in the more congenial atmosphere of Newport, where he is visiting his brother Perry, at the latter's cottage, By-the-Sea.

But next week A. Belmont will leave aristocratic Newport and move upon democratic Saratoga.

Then Saratoga will cease to be democratic, for the aristocratic presence of A. Belmont will make it forget its Walbaums, its Billdays and its Billbarricks, and will cause it to take on such airs that even the Broadway vehicular displays of Willie Laimbeer and Arthur White will be regarded as only second class.

If Saratoga could only induce A. Belmont to buy the Saratoga race track then the cup of its joy would be full indeed.

That would insure the presence of A. Belmont for at least a part of each Summer, and would induce the entire Hempstead colony to go to the Springs; for where A. Belmont leads the flower of Hempstead follows.

Therefore it will be readily seen how important to Saratoga this visit of A. Belmont is.

If he is sufficiently pleased to buy the race track the future of Saratoga is secure. It's old-time glory will be revived. Fashion will tumble over itself in a mad rush to drink its healing waters. Men of money will flock to breathe its pure air, and nothing but blue chips will be played in the Saratoga Club.

But if A. Belmont shouldn't buy the race track—what then?

Why, then Saratoga would have to worry along with the Walbaums, the Billdalys, the Billbarricks and the white chips.

The fact that A. Belmont is going to take Mrs. Belmont to Saratoga with him will not be without some bearing on the future of that resort.

On the hill that overlooks the new race track at Westbury, L. I., Mrs. Belmont is accustomed to occupy the highest point.

That is her prerogative, for she is not only the wife of A. Belmont, but she is the imperious queen of all the Hempstead set.

Below her on that hill sit the Hitchcocks, the Kennedys, the Keenes, the Whitneys, the Birds, the Kernochans, the Smith-Haddens, the Magouns, the Eustises et id omne genus, and all are pleased when she smiles and uneasy when she frowns.

She is the A B of the social alphabet of Hempstead.

What will Mrs. A. Belmont think of Saratoga? That is the all-important question.

Will it please her to observe daily the importance of the great Mr. Tod Sloane, who is not a member of the Vanderbilt Sloanes, but who pays more for his room at the Grand Union than Mrs. Belmont's husband pays for his? But then, Mrs. Belmont's husband is only the president of the Jockey Club.

Will it please Mrs. Belmont to smell that unholy odor of musk that envelopes Saratoga like a dense and oppressive fog?

Will Mrs. Belmont delight in the daily display of dusky dames in gorgeous carriages and flashing with huge diamonds?

There are such things in Saratoga as the fair and fertile plains of Hempstead and the breezy hills of Wheatley never dreamed of.

I have little doubt that Mrs. Belmont will disapprove, but disapproving, will she seek to reform what she disapproves? Will she think it worth while?

The future of Saratoga depends largely upon her answers to these questions.

Chauncey Depew is making himself felt in Newport.

He goes everywhere and keeps his end up in the best style.

He gave a dinner last night in his cottage to Mrs. Astor, James J. Van Alen, Miss Van Alen, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Key Pendleton, Miss Josephine Johnson, George R. Fearing, Thomas F. Cushing, A. Muller Ury and Miss Paulding.

The table decorations were American Beauties, to which Dr. Depew is devoted.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Marion d'Aubray Francis to the Rev. William Osgood Pearson, D. D., of West Roxbury, Mass.

Miss Francis is a niece of Dr. and Mrs. V. Mott Francis, of Villa Felice, Newport.

One of the Journal's bright young men has sent the following to me:

"Pretty blue-eyed Ethel Barrymore, attired in a dress of blue silk and wearing a Parisian hat of the latest style—a most wonderful creation, too, by the way—landed yesterday from the American liner St. Louis. She blushed deeply when her rumored engagement to the Duke of Manchester was mentioned, and for a moment looked as if she were going to cry. Then she changed her mind and smiled.

"'It would be useless for me to deny that I have heard that report,' she said, 'but it is absolutely absurd, and there is not a word of truth in it. I am too young to think of marriage yet, and I have other plans in view. I know the Duke's mother very well, and also his sister, and I consider them very charming people. Mr. William Gillette and myself were invited to a reception by the Duchess, and while there I was presented to the Duke. So far as I know this is the only basis there was for the rumored engagement. Now that fully explains the whole affair, and I hope that no additional reports of this character will appear.'"

Miss Barrymore also said that she would remain in America but two weeks, as she has to return to England to join the theatrical forces of Sir Henry Irving, to whom she is under engagement. She will spend her short stay in America with her grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, of Philadelphia.

Neither the young Duke of Manchester nor Anthony Hope, the novelist, came over on the ship with her, and Mr. Richard Harding Davis was not at the pier to meet her.

Notwithstanding the fact that she was invited to the Duchess of Devonshire's Jubilee ball, and has been entertained by the Duchess of Manchester, it would appear that Miss Barrymore still prefers her art to the arts of any or all of the gentlemen who, according to report, are striving so hard to transfer her from public to private life.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

PLATT'S COLLECTION OF EDGED TOOLS.

In his callow days, when he was nineteen, Platt broke into literature. He has figured in it ever since, but other people have done the writing, and the uneasy man has appeared principally as the coldly calculating villain of the political novelettes of the day. When it is said that he broke into literature it must not be inferred that he had failed in some other profesion or art or trade, and had taken his pen in hand on the theory that "anybody can write." No, he burgled his way into cross roads fame via the powerful lever of an antiquated Washington hand press that had been hauled to Oswego on the first freight train that was ever pulled over the Erie road. It was in the columns of a county paper that Platt first let his light shine on a bewildered and bedazzled public. He was given a column all his own, and, owing to the cutting things he said, it was called "The Jackknife Column." These literary efforts done anonymously and run under such a striking head, gave young Platt a fondness for edged tools, and, as subsequent events prove, he grew proficient in the wielding of the axe. The idea of anonymity pleased him mightily, too, and the cloaking of written thoughts led to the cloaking of acts. Many a politician learned this later, when he unexpectedly found himself swiped off the earth of office, his term of life cut short by the dexterous insertion of a keen blade between the third and fourth vertebrae. That vulnerable point cannot be reached from the front.

As already said, he "wrote pieces" for the county paper, and between the advertisements which announced the regular season proceedings on the stock farms he literally tore up the community with his anonymous personalities. It was his wont to inquire with a naivete that has not yet left him what Willie K—— was doing hanging on Elsie B——'s front gate so late on Thursday night. Then did the village gossips' metallic tongues clang for a whole month, and when things had quieted down again he would set the whole township by the ears by castigating the First M. E. choir for audibly whispering in church. Such quips and bon mots as these naturally aroused the county to a clamorous curiosity as to their authorship. Speculation was rife, and to this day Wit Platt delights to tell how the village tobacco chewers would gather round the opened cracker boxes in the "general store" and laugh immoderately at his Jackknife jokes. It particularly pleased him to tell of the night the philosophical and sagacious town blacksmith, in discussing the identity of the Jackknife Column, observed: "Well, whoever he is, he'll make his mark some day." This is the only prophecy ever made whose accuracy he will admit.

But literary success did not turn his head. He may have indulged fleeting visions of laurel wreaths and a home in Bohemia, but if he ever did they were quickly dispelled, for his habits were not those of fair Bohemia Land, which, even at that early day, had long been staked out in New York. Besides a liking for three meals a day, he neither drank nor used tobacco in any form. This latter fact once led the aforesaid observant blacksmith to remark that Platt's weakness must lie in another direction—politics, perhaps, for politics is a fickle jade, and as capricious as a woman, and it was woman the blacksmith was thinking of.

Then it was that Tommy Platt (he was only nineteen then, and Tommy is permissible) clung to tangible country notoriety, even though it was anonymous, in preference to reaching out for ephemeral urban fame. He clung to the homely adage that it is better to be a big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a big puddle. As he grew he would expand his lines of action; there was plenty of time. But wherever he was, and no matter how circumscribed his limits, he would be a leader. If he could not be a general and lead an army, he would be a sergeant and march in front of a squad. But it was leadership he was after, and it was leadership he

achieved, and it is leadership he will not relinquish if he can help himself. It is his whole thought and aim in life. He subordinates every other consideration to it, and is mindful of it to the point of vanity. "How will this affect my leadership?" is the tape-line question with which he measures his acts. It is not so much the possession of his power that makes him so jealous and watchful of his leadership, but he likes the flare of the red fire and the boom of the plaudits. He relishes being pointed out as a leader. On one occasion a well-known Republican, who had the misfortune of being reported by the papers as opposed to Platt, was a candidate for the chairmanship of an important committee in the party. Mutual friends arranged a meeting between him and the Senator with a view of effecting a compromise.

"Suppose I am elected by a unanimous vote," suggested the candidate, "it would indicate that the party is harmonious, and we could carry on a successful campaign."

"But what becomes of my leadership?" interjected Platt. "If I have our fellows vote for you, the papers would say I was forced to it. No, I cannot consent to that. The public believes you are against me, and I must defeat you to maintain my leadership."

That's Platt. He permits nobody to stand in his way. When anybody ventures to do so there is a "rough house" right there, and Platt shoots the lights out. There is an interesting fight in the dark right there, and when it is over it is found that Platt's opponents have been slit from gullet to sternum and their "innards" thrown to the dogs. "Jackknife Column" methods prevail even to this day. Would-be rivals are squelched at the outset, and the just claims of others are treated as trifles to be blown away with a breath. This has been made apparent within the last few months, and to-day the Senator's refusal to even consider the petition of 26 of the 29 Republican members of the New York delegation to Congress, asking for the appointment of their colleague, James S. Sherman, of Utica, to the Collectorship of the Port of New York, is beginning to show above the surface.

There is a revolt which, at an opportune time, will cause an open break with the Senator. The time is ripe now. The Republican members of Congress from New York, especially those from the western and central districts, have been showing symptoms of revolt ever since Platt went to Washington at the head of the delegation. In private pow-wows they gave expression to a feeling of weariness of the iron, inconsiderate rule of the New York Boss. Their dissatisfaction was increased by Platt's failure to get what they considered to be their share of consulships. Their candidates failed to land. They went to the mighty Platt, but he was not disposed to make a fight for them, undoubtedly because he surmised, in view of his own acts, that their loyalty to him was of a doubtful quantity and quality.

"Jim" Sherman was well liked by his colleagues. He wanted the collectorship and twenty-six members signed his petition. Representatives Quigg and Shannon were the only members of the delegation who refused to sign the petition. The document was presented to Senator Platt. George R. Bidwell, a young and comparatively unknown Republican, had been brought out as a candidate by Quigg. He was Quigg's personal friend. Platt turned down the Sherman petition. Several members of the delegation went to him.

"If Sherman gets the appointment it will be over my political corpse," said Platt.

The members were angry. Platt went to the front for Bidwell and landed him. The point is made that the Senator deliberately ignored twenty-six members in favor of one (Quigg). Sherman's friends say Platt had no warrant for his discrimination, and it is now certain that they will co-operate with the Payn-Black-Aldridge-Worth combination in the attempt to overthrow Platt. They will be for Black for Senator to succeed Murphy, as against Quigg, who will be Platt's choice. Representative Hooker's avowed candidacy for the Senatorship enters into this. His boom is pushed along by Sherman, Wadsworth, Belden and others, with the idea of keeping votes away from Quigg and then throw Hooker's strength to Black with a "favorite son" cry.

These be "Jackknife Column" methods, too, but the devil must be fought with fire. A veritable conflagration will be necessary in this case.

A Definition.
[Detroit Tribune.]

The New York Evening Post fears that American diplomats are not gentlemen. The Post would probably regard a gentleman as a person who permitted an antagonist to kick him around a forty-acre field and then apologized for the exertion to which his opponent had been subjected.

New Capitalists.
[Washington Star.]

If the Klondyke mines will raise up a lot of new capitalists who will do something toward promoting prosperity, the American public will hasten to acknowledge its indebtedness to a hitherto undervalued region.

One of Our Architects.
[Washington Post.]

"Angel" Dennett, one of the Parkhurst agents, has been adjudged insane. Dennett was one of the architects of New York's present municipal administration.

Advice.
[Washington Post.]

Regardless of the fact that a great many people are doing time for the habit, the Nashville American advises its readers to "take things easy."

Compliment.
[Chicago Record.]

The British have paid John Sherman's new Vigorous Foreign Policy the compliment of getting mad about it

Constantinoff, Poet of Bulgaria.

CONSTANTINOFF, the Bulgarian poet, whom assassins mistook for Dr. Takeff, the politician, and killed on Wednesday, was not familiarly known, because everything in him seemed improbable. He was, five years ago, a handsome young man, tall, lithe, with regular features and an air of perfect distinction. He was celebrated in Paris among the students as a bohemian, extremely poor, and as an indefatigable liar, prodigiously inventive. His poverty was not real, but he was a real liar, because he talked forever in a dream. There was reason for this.

He devoted his life to the necessary studies for a book on unknown classes of society in Paris and elsewhere, which must contain by this time a collection of inestimable documents. But if a student in Paris confessed that he had a great design and wished to carry it in his head for many years without doing any other work, he would be lapidated, at least; so Constantinoff took refuge in romantic falsehood.

He was the surest, the most faithful, the most discreet friend. He knew the secrets of the Nihilists and of the political exiles of Italy, but all the tortures in the world would not have drawn an imprudent word from him. As for words which are not true, he said them with inexhaustible eloquence.

His best friend knew no more of his life than his slightest acquaintance. Twenty times he would say to me, in moments of effusion, that he obeyed an imperious necessity in telling me his history, and he told it with the most precise details, having characteristics of evident reality. Only every time he told it it was different. The only fact which seemed to persist in all the versions of his life which he gave was that he was the son of a very great nobleman, an assertion which his aristocratic demeanor seemed to confirm. All the rest were festoons, embroideries and arabesques more complicated than those of an Indian cashmere shawl.

To study the world as he studied it it was necessary for him to make his personality unknown. He ignored it himself. In order to meet, as he did, outlaws, thieves, the persecuted and the disgraced, it was necessary for him to be penniless, for Eugene Sue's Prince of Gerolstein, disguised under a blouse and hiding in his shirt a pocketbook filled with money, does not seem real. At regular intervals Constantinoff's relatives sent him a sum of money, amounting ordinarily to $1,000. He got rid of it promptly. He did this without much trouble, for he was literally the friend of women.

There was in the Rue de la Harpe an eating-house keeper whose shop was the last stage of human misery. One could eat there for a few cents nameless things fixed up in two minutes in the most barbarous fashion. The cook was not bad; he was even a man of genius, but he was lacking in all the necessary elements for good or bad cooking. He lacked, notably, money, which flew from him with extraordinary obstinacy. But, like many poor people, he had a heart, and his shop was a refuge for poor women.

As soon as Constantinoff got his money he went to that eating house. To the women who were huddled there, pale and badly dressed, he would say: "I invite you to dinner. Get all your friends who haven't dined." The poor girls ran like a lot of trembling sparrows to the places where hunger hovered—that is, everywhere; and Constantinoff put money in the eating-house keeper's hands. The latter bought food and candles.

Constantinoff stood in front of the cabaret, and soon in the night, under the red lights of the street lamps, he could perceive a crowd of women in rags as numerous as the clouds of locusts that devoured antique Egypt. They came, weary, frightened, pale with hunger and hope. They plied themselves up in the poor little hall. You could see them around the tables, on the tables, on the floor, on the stairs, in the kitchen. The smoking dishes were in an instant cleaned. The meal lasted as long as they were hungry, or until they were tired of eating. Constantinoff urged the waiters, urged the eaters, animated the enthusiasm of the eating-house keeper, and did not leave without letting his silver coin fall like a brook into the extended hands of his guests.

Become poor again, he knew how to be poor with elegance. He dined at the baker Cretaine's, on Dauphine street, where students assembled to hear him talk. He spoke always, at any time, with the most vivid imagination and the brightest wit. He had an open account at the baker's for loaves of bread at one cent apiece. At one cent apiece, and his bill was once a hundred dollars!

His name was the synonyme of poverty in Paris, in Vienna, in Rome, and even in Sofia. One night, on the plains of Montrouge, highwaymen stopped him. "I am Constantinoff," he said laughingly. They laughed as heartily as he, and invited him to supper. He accepted. He learned their adventures and drank champagne under the stars. They invited him to return, but he answered wittily: "Let us not pledge the future."

Constantinoff has been mistaken often for his friend Dr. Takeff, the politician. The face of one recalled that of the other. They had the same air and gesture. But they did not resemble each other to one who saw them side by side.

HENRI PENE DU BOIS.

The Merry Jester.

"Georgie, have you seen papa's straw hat?"

"Yes, mamma wored it away on her wheel."

"And where is papa's cap?"

"Aunt Nellie wored it to the tennis match."

"And papa's plug hat?"

"Sister worced it a horseback ridin'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I wish," said the unhappy, perspiring man, "that I could find that little boy."

"What little boy?"

"The one who threw snowballs at me last Winter. I'd like to forgive him."—Washington Star.

"She simply appears in tights, and calls it art."

"That's just like her."

Of course, then, it was not art; anything that was like anything couldn't be art; it was mere servile copying, not art.—Detroit Journal.

"Yes," he said with some show of temper, "you're just the kind of a woman to spend $10,000 a year on dress alone."

"Oh, no, I'm not," she replied sweetly. "If I were I would have married a different kind of a man."

And the more he thought of it the more satisfied he became that it was a hot one.—Chicago Post.

Beefneck Bill—Wot's come of your pardner?

Strongarm Jake—I shook 'im. He got religion already.

"Oh! [illegible] business, has he?"

"No; [illegible] git it that bad, but he always want[illegible] safe with prayer."—Cincinnati